

Dada Bhagwan Parivar's

January 2025

AKRAM Express





Editorial

Friends, you must have seen the word 'Donation Box' in temples. Sometimes, our elders may have given us money to put in the donation box. But what does 'donation' actually mean? How many kinds of donations are there? Is it essential for us to have money to make a donation? In this edition, we will get the answers to all these questions, and we will also help Tvisha, Ambik and Shaurya solve the clues on a treasure hunt.

Come, let us see what treasure our friends find in their treasure hunt journey and what the connection is between that treasure and donation.

-Dimple Mehta

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Dadaji Says...



Donation means giving happiness to any living creature, whether a human being or an animal. And if we give happiness to others, then as a 'reaction' to that, we will definitely receive happiness in return. If you give happiness, then immediately happiness will come to you, without you having to go out and get it!

Even if you give up your own money, it will give you happiness because you have done a good deed. If you do a good deed, then you will feel happy, and if you do a bad deed, then you feel unhappy.

There are four kinds of donations. *Aahaardaan* is donating food. *Ausadhdaan* is donating medicine. *Gnandaan* is giving of Knowledge that helps one progress on the path of liberation. *Abhaydaan* is engaging in conduct which does not induce fear or cause hurt to any living being.

Donation of Food

For this donation, it has been said that if someone comes to your house and says, "I am hungry, please give me some food," and you say, "Please, sit down and have a meal," then that is called donation of food. At least he will live for one more day as you have fed him. He will find someone else tomorrow to survive. We do not need to think about tomorrow. He has come to you, so you feed him whatever you can.





Donation of Medicine

When a poor person falls ill and goes to the hospital, he will say, "The doctor has told me to get medicine, but I do not have fifty rupees to buy it. What shall I do?" Then one can say, "Here is fifty rupees for the medicine and take an extra ten rupees." Or we can bring the medicine from somewhere and give it to him. We should buy the medicine with our own money and give it to him free of cost, so at least the poor man can live for another four to six years. Donation of medicine is considered to be more valuable than donation of food, because it will keep someone alive longer and eases their suffering.

Higher is... Donation of Knowledge

For the donation of Knowledge, one can get books printed that give people the right understanding and guide them towards salvation. What should that Knowledge be like? This Knowledge should be beneficial to people.





For example, after reading Dadashri's book 'Avoid Clashes', many people have become free from conflicts and they have gained peace in their lives.

In this world, the donation of Knowledge is a very high thing! By donating Knowledge, one can progress to a higher life-form. Or they can even go to *moksha* (ultimate liberation).

Highest of them all... Donation of Abhaydaan



Abhaydaan is when your behaviour is such that no one is afraid of you. Therefore, it is very important to always have an intent to not hurt anyone. You do not need any money for this. This is the highest form of donation.

This type of donation is even higher than the donation of Knowledge! However, generally people are not able to give *abhaydaan*. Only the *Gnani* (the One with the Knowledge of the Self) and the *Gnani's* followers can give *abhaydaan*. They live in a way that does not incite fear in anyone. They conduct themselves in a way that others around them remain free from fear. Their conduct is such that they would not startle even a dog. This is because the hurt caused to others reaches one's own self. Thus, we should live in such a way that we do not cause the slightest fear in any living being.

“Yes! We did it! Now the treasure is ours!” Ambik was on the last stage of the treasure hunt.

“Ambik, why are you so happy? It’s not as if this is a real treasure hunt!” said Tvisha, huffing and puffing, while running after him. Both of them went and stood on the marked spot.

“Thank God the game is over...” Shaurya said to his two friends and then let out a big yawn. Everyone started digging up the marked location. They unearthed three gift-wrapped boxes.

“Gifts for the winners! Well done!” Tvisha said in a sarcastic tone.

“Tvisha, at least pretend to be happy!” said Shaurya, rolling his eyes at her. Shaurya, Ambik and Tvisha were really fed up with the camp.

“Hey, there’s something else buried in the dirt,” said Ambik, catching sight of something in the dug-up hole. Tvisha and Shaurya became a little more serious.

“Maybe our camp leader buried certificates there,” joked Ambik.

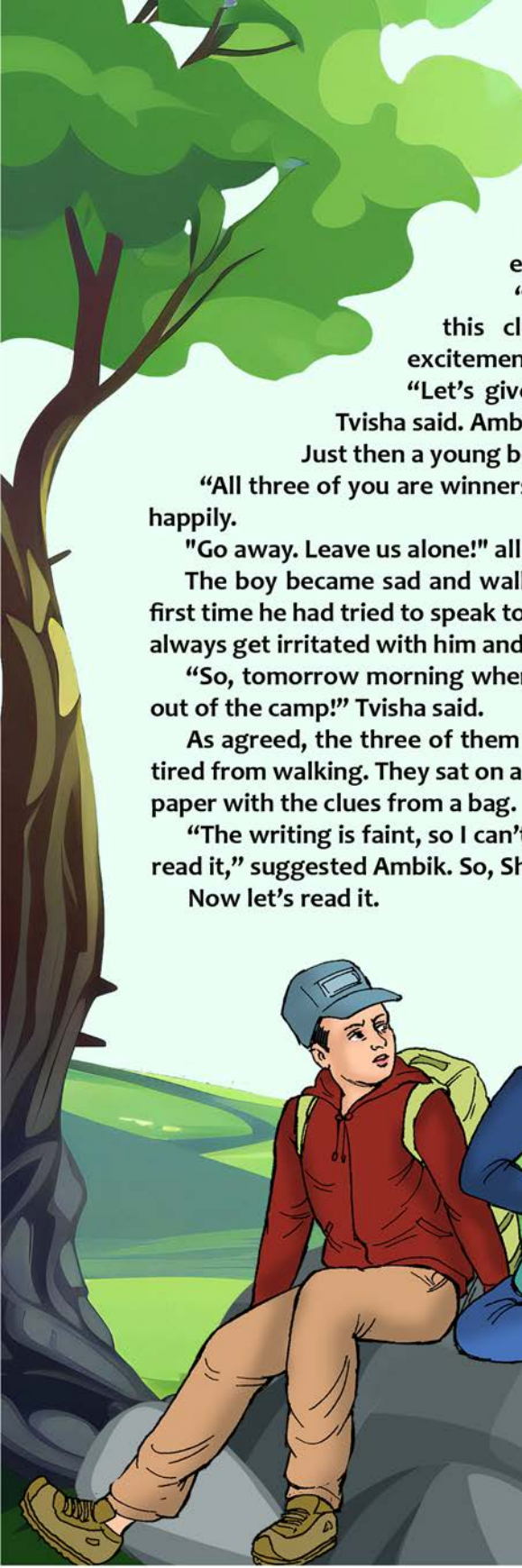
Shaurya extracted the buried paper and looked at it carefully. “It seems like this is some sort of clue.”

Why was there another clue after the game had finished? All three of them were puzzled.

“Last night, Camp Leader had told us a story,” said Ambik frowning from the effort of remembering. “A story about pirates! What if pirates have hidden the treasure they found from the sea?”

“Yes, and maybe they left this clue that only their fellow pirates





would understand!" Tvisha became really excited as if she was onto some real treasure.

"The ink is a green colour too. It has become faint because it must have been written many years ago." Shaurya was examining the paper carefully.

"What if we find the real treasure with the help of this clue?" Ambik's eyes widened with hope and excitement.

"Let's give it a try! We're bored in this camp anyways," Tvisha said. Ambik and Shaurya agreed.

Just then a young boy came up to them.

"All three of you are winners of the treasure hunt. Sir is calling you," he said happily.

"Go away. Leave us alone!" all three of them rudely retorted.

The boy became sad and walked away with his head down. This was not the first time he had tried to speak to the 'Famous Three' of the camp. But they would always get irritated with him and shoo him away.

"So, tomorrow morning when everyone is having breakfast, we'll quietly slip out of the camp!" Tvisha said.

As agreed, the three of them left early in the morning, but they quickly grew tired from walking. They sat on a big stone to get some rest. Shaurya took out the paper with the clues from a bag.

"The writing is faint, so I can't read it. If we trace it, then we should be able to read it," suggested Ambik. So, Shaurya started tracing the lettering.

Now let's read it.



Solve

the Clue

Help Shaurya, Ambik, and Tvisha solve the clue by naming the drawings on the paper, and taking the first letter of each item.

Answer:-

Blank boxes for writing the first letter of the items on the map:

- Blank box 1 (top left)
- Blank box 2 (top right)
- Blank box 3 (middle left)
- Blank box 4 (middle right)
- Blank box 5 (lower middle left)
- Blank box 6 (lower middle right)
- Blank box 7 (bottom left)
- Blank box 8 (bottom right)
- Blank box 9 (bottom left)
- Blank box 10 (bottom right)

“Akshaya Patra!” all three of them said together.

“This is the name of a place. I’ve read this name somewhere.” Tvisha was trying to recall a vague memory.

“This is the name of a restaurant. I read it on a billboard on the way here!” announced Ambik.

“Then let’s go!” Shaurya stood up immediately. They asked for directions from people on the road and eventually reached Akshaya Patra.

The restaurant was crowded. The owner of the restaurant was sitting in a corner and reading something. He had a very kind face. The three of them approached him eagerly. “Sir, we want to ask you something,” said Ambik, politely.

“Yes, dear, what is it?”

“Sir, have you ever found any treasure around here?”

“Oh, that story about pirates! You didn’t believe that, did you?”

All three of them looked at each other

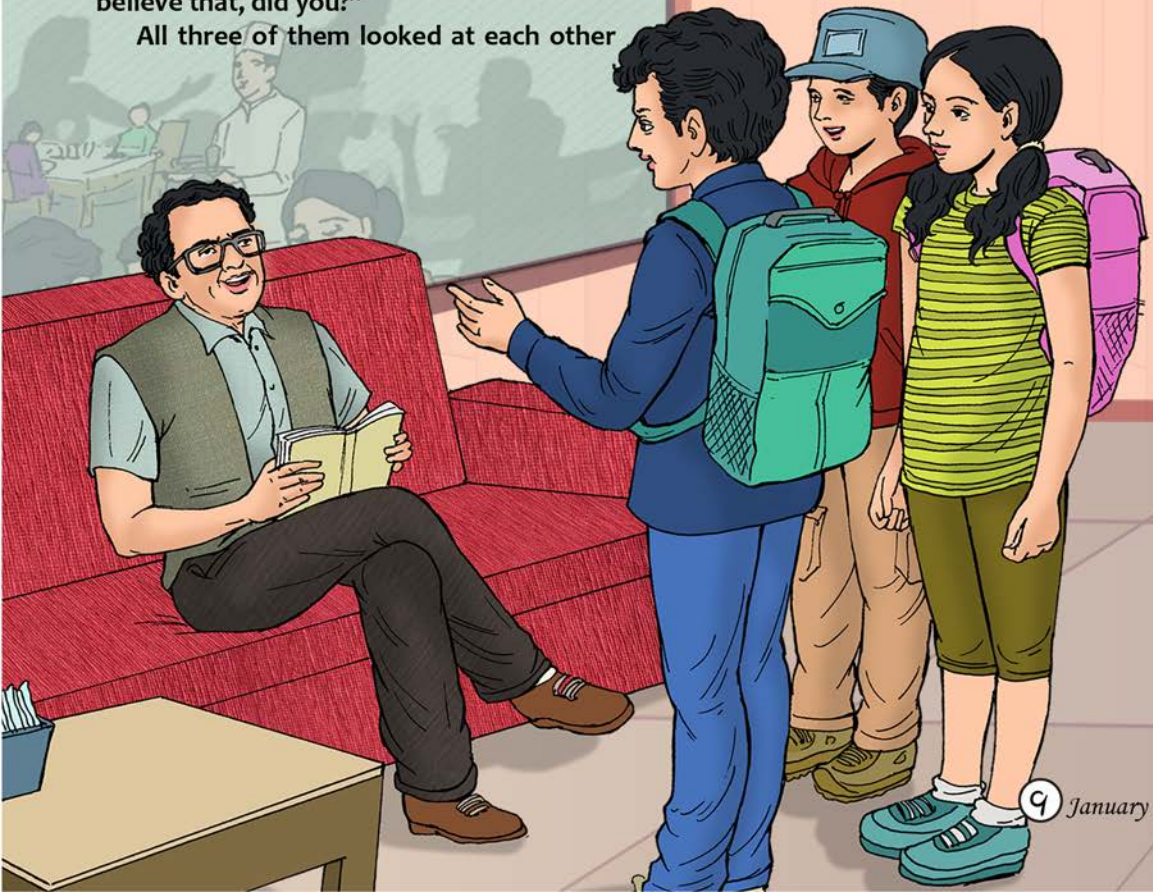
and became disheartened. Just as they were getting ready to leave, the restaurant owner stopped them, “Hey, hey, where are you going? You can’t leave here without eating.”

They were really hungry because they had left the camp in the morning without having breakfast, but Tvisha stood firm and said, “No, Sir, that’s okay. We’ll get going now.”

The owner understood their hesitation. He kindly told them, “Don’t worry about the money. There is no need to pay in Akshaya Patra.”

“What? Why is that?” they all asked in unison.

“Please, sit. I’ll order some snacks for you and then I’ll tell you a story.” Three plates of hot *vada pav* (an indian snack consisting of a fried potato ball in a bread bun) arrived at the table, and the owner started telling his story.



The train slowed down on entering the station. Grabbing the window bars with both hands, Reyansh lifted himself up in order to read the name of the station.



"I told you there is still time," said his mother, making him sit down.

"Ice cream! Cold drinks! Ice cream!" a vendor called out as he boarded the train.

"Son, would you like some ice cream?" his father asked.

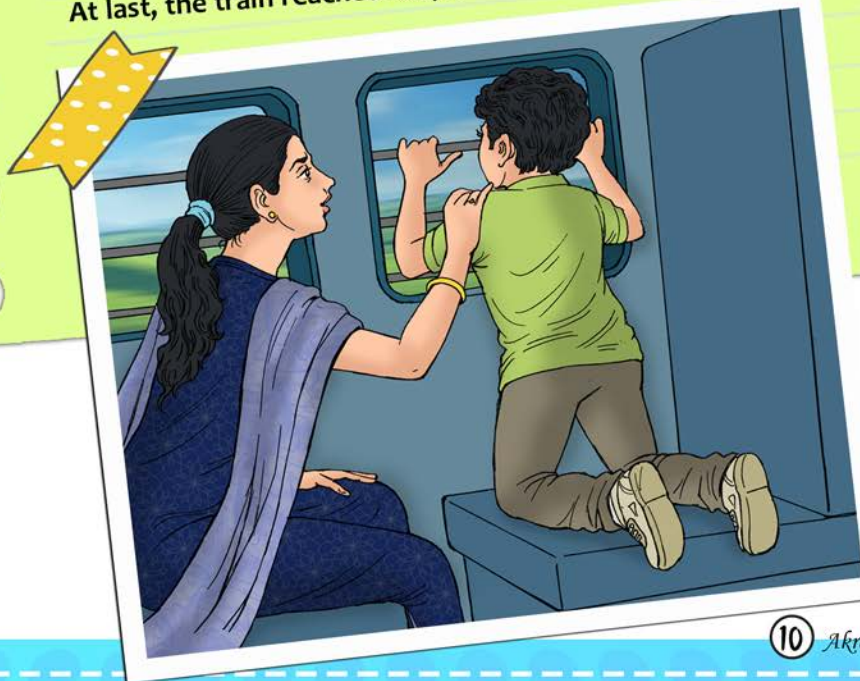
"No, Dad. My stomach will get full," Reyansh said resolutely.

"Son, Karjat is still one hour away," his mother said.

"Okay! But I only want to eat vada pav from Karjat, Dad, and this time I won't share it with anyone," Reyansh said. Last time, he had to share the vada pav with his cousin and he was still upset about that to this day.

After some time, his parents had tea and thepla (spicy flatbread). Reyansh's stomach was rumbling, but he didn't touch the thepla. He wasn't willing to give up any stomach space to any food other than vada pav.

At last, the train reached Karjat station, and Reyansh got ready



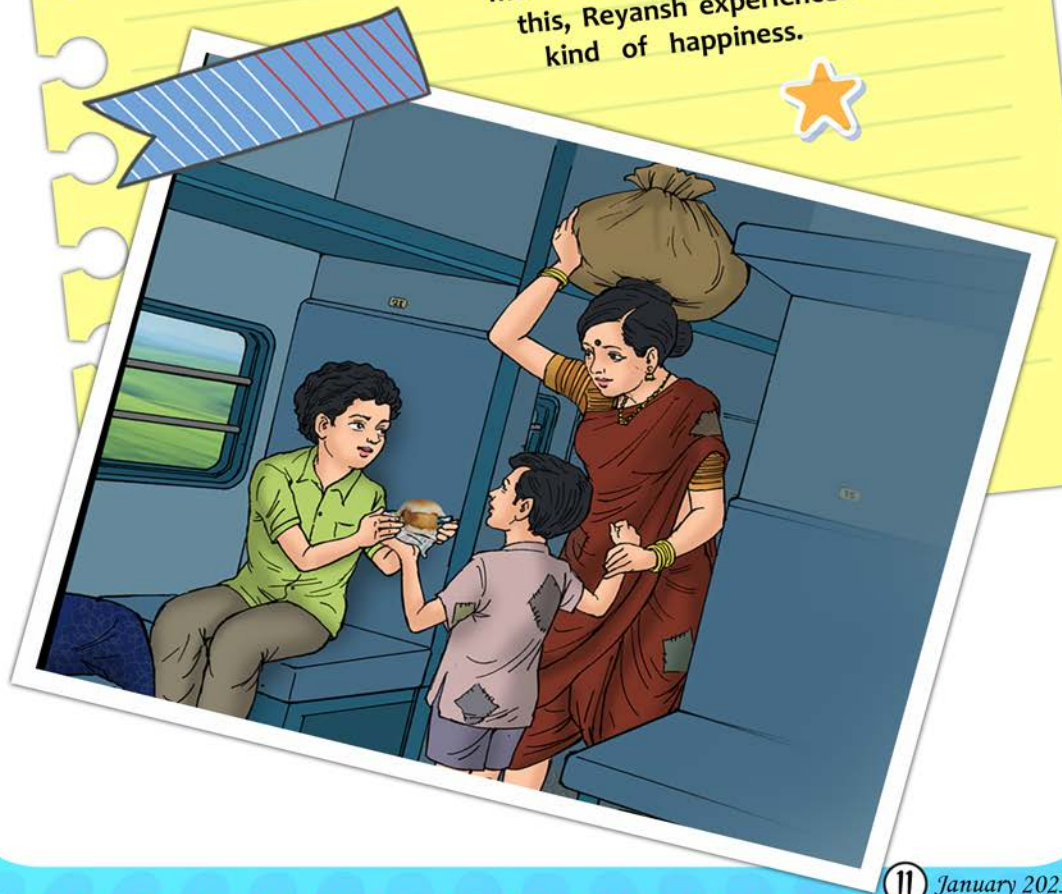
to eat vada pav.

“Dad, bring two vada pavs,” Reyansh shouted from the window. Near the vada pav shop, a poor young child was tugging at his mother’s saree, gesturing to her to buy him vada pav. His mother shouted “No” and carried him away. Reyansh saw this scene from the train window.

Shortly after, Reyansh’s father returned with the vada pav. Reyansh opened the packet and inhaled the aroma of the hot vada pav. Right at that moment, the mother and son boarded the train.

Seeing the hunger in the boy’s eyes, something happened within Reyansh. Without a second thought, he repacked up the vada pav and handed it to the boy.

The child’s face lit up with joy. His mother was very happy too. Seeing this, Reyansh experienced a unique kind of happiness.



He had never experienced this before. For the first time, he realised how much happiness one can get from feeding a hungry child something they like.

Tvisha, Ambik and Shaurya were listening intently to the restaurant owner's story. Just then, a man came up to him and said, "Reyanshbhai, please sign this paper." The restaurant owner signed the paper, and then looked at the children and smiled.

"So, you're the one who...?" This question was lingering in the children's eyes.

"Yes, that incident had such an impact on me that, when I grew up, I opened this restaurant. People can pay whatever they want. We don't ask anyone for their money. Hungry people can eat to their heart's content. And the surprising thing is that we're never short of money."

"Wow, that is unheard of!" exclaimed Shaurya.

"Yes! I have no idea what sort of treasure you are looking for, but for us Akshay Patra is our treasure!" Reyansh said with pride.

With the taste of *vada pav* in their mouths and the essence of the story in their minds, the three of them took Reyansh's leave and headed out.

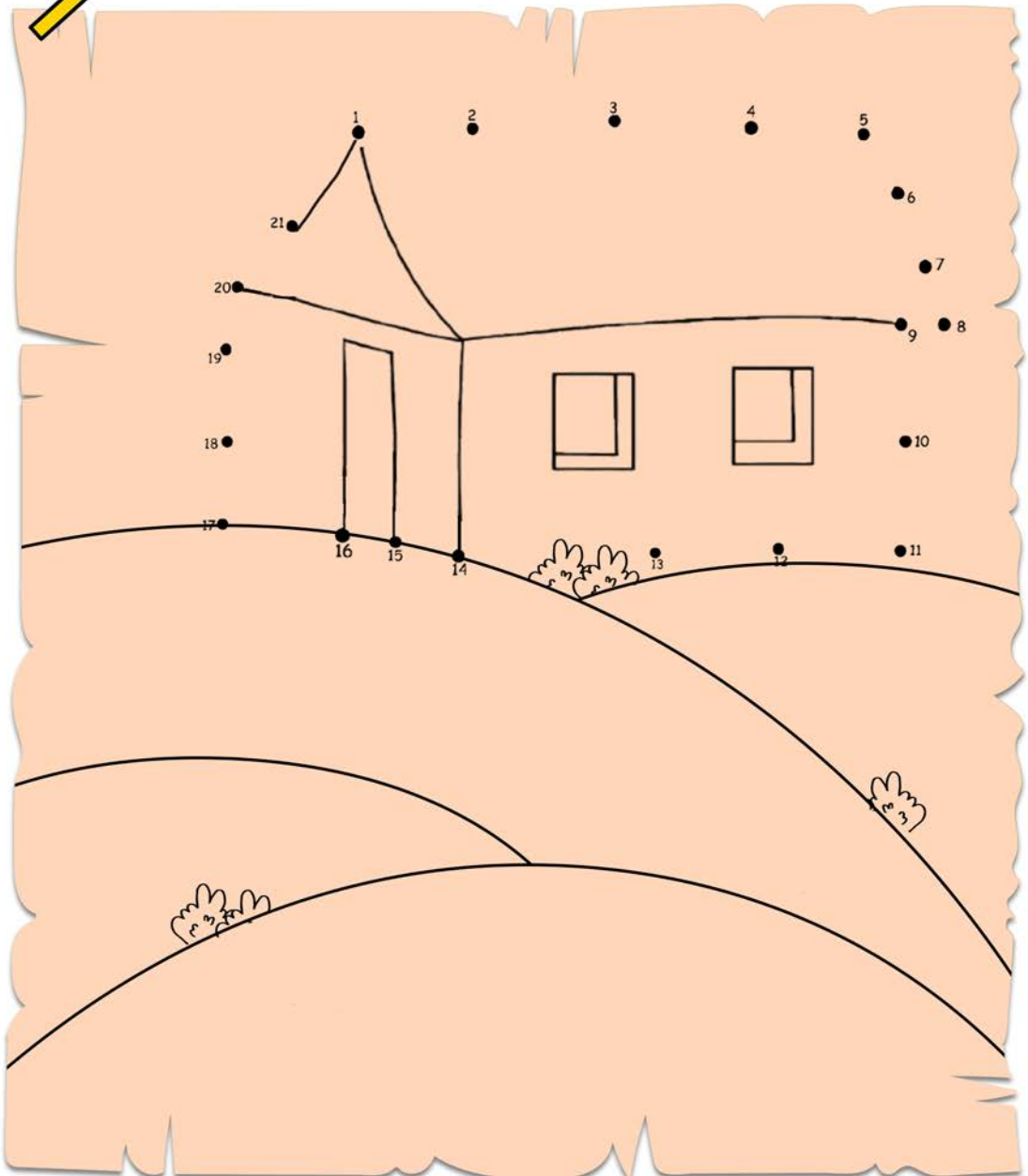
"Should we go back to the camp or carry on looking for the treasure?" The three of them were pondering this thought, but then they saw a stone covered with dots drawn in green ink.

"Green ink!" exclaimed Tvisha. "There was green ink on that paper too. This has to be the next clue!" Shaurya brought a sharp stone and Tvisha joined the dots together.



Solve the Clue

Let's help them solve the clue by joining the dots in order of the numbers.



“A house!” Ambik shouted out. “So does that mean we now have to find a house?”

“Not just any house, but a house that is situated on top of a hill,” Shaurya corrected him.

Everyone looked around. Where could they possibly find a house on a hill? Which direction did they need to go in? Just then, Shaurya’s eyes fell upon a house on a hill far away.

“Let’s go!”

They soon reached the top of the hill. The house was made of wood, and it had big glass windows. There was a name plate hanging near the door that read, ‘Manoj Parikh.’ They couldn’t see anyone inside the house. The children knocked on the door.

“Who is it?” someone said with a strong voice from inside.

“We don’t want to tell them the real reason why we’re here. We’ll sneakily inspect the whole house. If anyone finds a clue, then they can secretly let the others know by stroking their head three times,” Tvisha whispered to everyone.



The door opened.

“Sir, we are travellers and we have lost our way. Can we rest here for a little while?”

“Yes, yes, of course!” The gentleman warmly invited them in.

As they entered the house, they were amazed to see that the whole house was filled with books.

“Oh my! So many books! One whole lifetime wouldn’t be enough to read these many books!” Ambik said with his eyes wide with astonishment.

The gentleman brought some juice for the children.

“Sir, aren’t you scared of living here on your own?” Shaurya tried to distract him with conversation while Tvisha and Ambik looked around for clues.

“Where there are books, there is no need for fear, and I’m actually not on my own. Children like you often come to read or borrow books from here,” the gentleman answered.

“Sir, I love reading books. Did you also enjoy reading books from a young age?” Shaurya asked.

“When I was young, an incident occurred that sparked my interest in learning and discovering new things.”

“What was that incident?” Tvisha asked.



On that day, the atmosphere in the town of Vihar was just amazing! It was as if Diwali had come early!

One of the buildings was decorated beautifully. Opposite this building, there was an open ground where people were seated, all looking towards a stage. People who had been nominated were present on the stage. However, one chair was empty.

A man standing in front of the mic at the podium was shuffling his papers. It seemed as if he had lost one of his papers.

A young boy, sitting on the ground, just kept staring at the building. This building was going to shape his future. Just then, a smartly dressed gentleman appeared on the stage, and everyone welcomed him with a big round of applause. He seated himself in the empty chair.

The young boy's mother said to him,



“Manoj, that is Mr Yadav. It is because of him that all the children in Vihar will see their dreams of studying come true.”

Just then, someone started speaking into the mic, “Hello, hello... Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to the opening of Vihar town’s first free primary school. Today, the remarkable person who made this possible is here with us, and that is Mr Yadav.”

Mr Yadav stood up, folded his hands in greeting, and then humbly sat back down in his chair. “To be honest, I cannot find the piece of paper which was given to me containing notes to introduce Mr Yadav. But what need is there for a piece of paper to introduce such a great person? Someone who has attained the best education, and who holds education close to his heart, does not require a formal introduction. I will request him to step up here and say a few words.”

Mr Yadav went to the podium. He had a gentle smile on his face.



He very politely folded his hands and said, "To tell you the truth, the one who is educated always knows the value of education, but those who have not been able to get an education would value it even more. During my childhood, there used to be a book stall opposite my house. Whenever I used to come home after doing manual work, I would always think, 'I wish I were educated; then I too could read these books!' It is because of that wish of mine that this school has been built, and with a huge library under its roof. It is possible that a book in the library could provide a child with such an understanding that they go on to transform their life. Make sure all of you study with great enthusiasm and read the books to your heart's content. Without fail, accomplish what I was unable to do."

There was a big round of applause and young Manoj instantly decided to wholeheartedly follow Mr Yadav's every word.



Ambik remembered the name plate that was hanging outside the door.

Sir... 'Manoj Parikh'... Does that mean...? Ambik's question trailed off as Mr Manoj nodded his head and said, "Yes, that young Manoj was me."

The three children were really impressed, but it was time to carry on ahead.

Tvisha said, "Sir, thank you very much. Now we'll take your leave, but we'll definitely visit here again." Shaurya didn't want to move away from the books, but Ambik and Tvisha pulled him away and took him outside.

Once outside, Shaurya said, "Whether we find the treasure or not, I feel like this place is no less than treasure. In fact, I think I've found my treasure!"

"The previous clue brought us here, so the next clue must be nearby,"



Ambik said while looking around.

“It is possible that we misunderstood the clue, and the ‘house on the hill’ wasn’t directly pointing us towards the treasure,” said Tvisha.

So, friends, what do you think? Have Tvisha, Ambik and Shaurya misunderstood the clue? Or is the treasure actually hidden nearby, and they are just struggling to find it? How will they find the treasure? Or will they find it at all?

You’ll find the answers to all these questions in the next edition!




AALOO CHILLY



Chilly had been upset with Aaloo. However, Aaloo brought him a bottle that had the words 'Best Singer' on it, and Chilly was happy again. But when Aaloo gave a juice bottle to Chilly's competitor, Koko, Chilly began fuming from within. Let's see what happens next...

Before I could think any further, Aaloo started to shout, "Chilly, you're an awesome singer!"

This grabbed the attention of everyone at the pond. All of them turned to look at me. I felt so nervous. I thought to myself, 'Why did Aaloo have to shout so much?' And then I suddenly realised that there was no reason for me to worry! Everyone would be moved to tears after listening to my friendship song. I was concerned that if Giffy was here, then his tears would cause the pond to overflow and flood.



**Friendship... friendship
with you... It's a treasure of
the highest value.**

**Fun and good times... good
times with you... Can make
from darkness, light break
through.**

Before I was able to finish my song, Koko started singing in between.

Friendship... what could this be? Koko is roaming alone and lonely. Will anyone ever like me? My heart makes a desperate plea



How could Koko do this? She copied my friendship song. She didn't even let me finish singing. But, as if this wasn't enough, Aaloo then spoke up.

Koko, your song... you're an excellent singer!

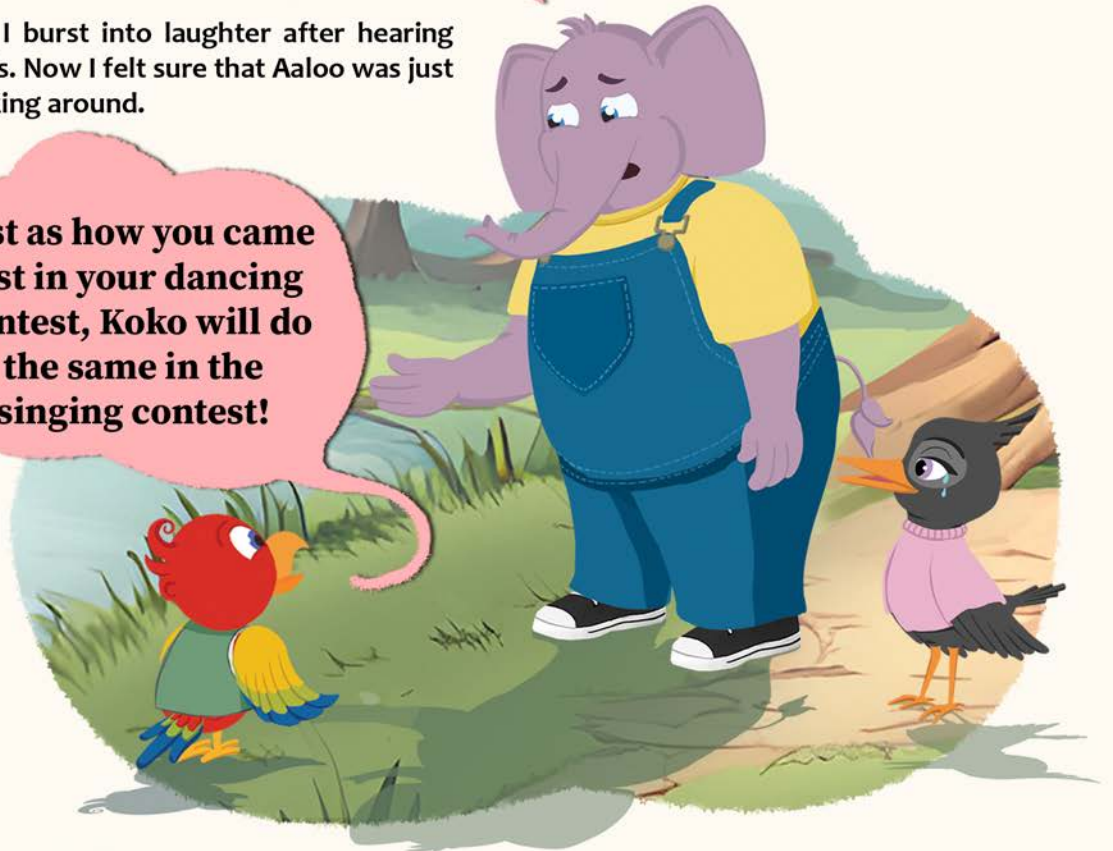


What had Aaloo just said? I hadn't lost my hearing after listening to Parsley's singing, had I? Aaloo had told me that I was the best singer, and now he was praising Koko! I immediately went up to Aaloo and poked him with my beak, and said "Aaloo, you praised Koko instead of me." Then he whispered to me, "Did you listen to his singing?" Hey! Why would I listen to Koko? Koko needed to listen to me to learn how to sing. I'm the best. But, Aaloo had more to say.

Chilly, this time I think Koko will definitely win the singing competition!

I burst into laughter after hearing this. Now I felt sure that Aaloo was just joking around.

Just as how you came last in your dancing contest, Koko will do the same in the singing contest!



Then, I heard a gasp from Giffy. What happened to him now? Aaloo was also staring at me. Why is Aaloo supporting Koko instead of supporting me?

Admissions Now Open for Gnan Mandir (Gurukul) in Adalaj:

Gnan Mandir

જ્ઞાનમંદિર

New admissions for standards 5th to 9th at Gnan Mandir, Adalaj have started.

Parents who wish to instill values in their children through the divine Knowledge of Param Pujya Dada Bhagwan at Gnan Mandir are welcome to register for their son's interview via phone call.

Admissions are open only for standards 5th to 9th for Gujarati and English mediums (boys only).

Contact Timings: 10 am to 7 pm.
Phone - +91 9924344481

